

The Tragedie

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promise me.

King. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Upon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolute me whether you will or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buc. Is it euen so? rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and begone
To Brecknock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pittieus massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were flisht villains: bloudy dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their somner beautie kist each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

of Richard

The most replenished sweet w
That from the prime creation
They could not speake, and fo
To bring this tydings to the b

Enter king

And here he comes. All haile

King. Kind Tirrell, am I ha

Tir. It to haue done the th
Beget your happinesse, be hap
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see the

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Ti

Tir. The Chaplaine of the
But how or in what place I do

King. Come to me Tirrell
And thou shalt tell the proces
Meane time but thinke how I
And be inheritor of thy desire
Farewell till soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I
His daughter meanly haue I m
The sonnes of Edward sleepe i
And Anne my wife bath bid t
Now for I know the Brittain
At yong Elizabeth my brothe
And by that knot lookes prou
To her I goe a iolly thriving

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad,

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, E
And Buckingham backt with
Is in the field, and still his pow

King. Ely with Richmond
Then Buckingham and his raf
Come, I haue heard that fear
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay
Delay leads impotent and inat

The